

# THE AMERICAN CARTOONIST MAGAZINE



HOLIDAY  
NUMBER

1903



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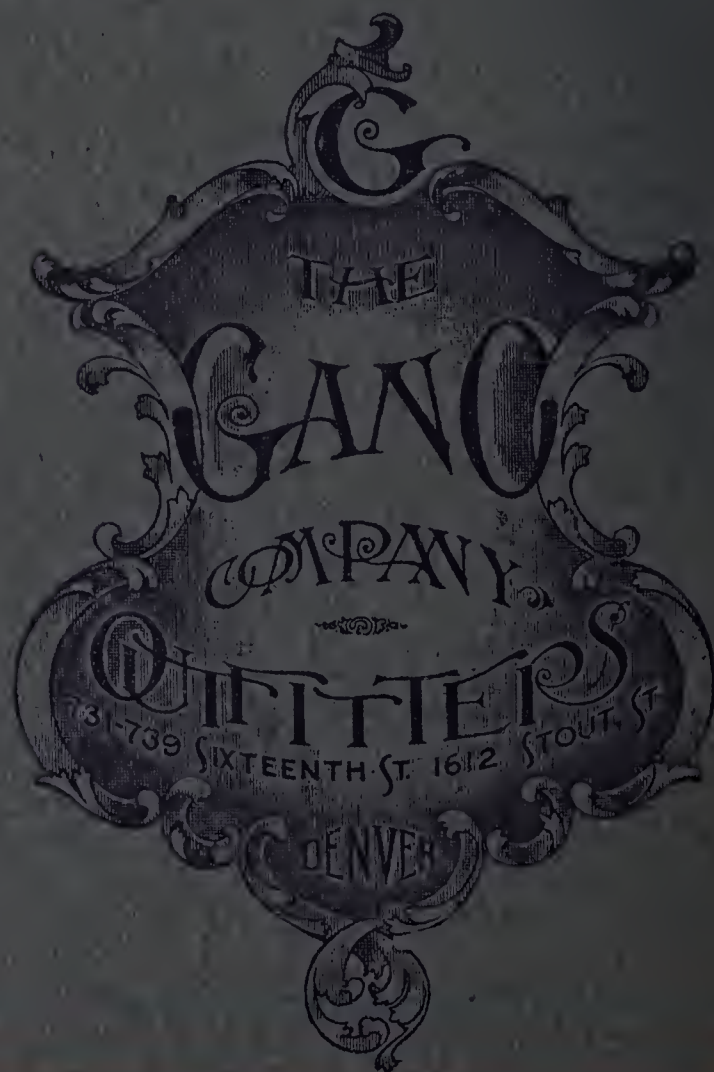
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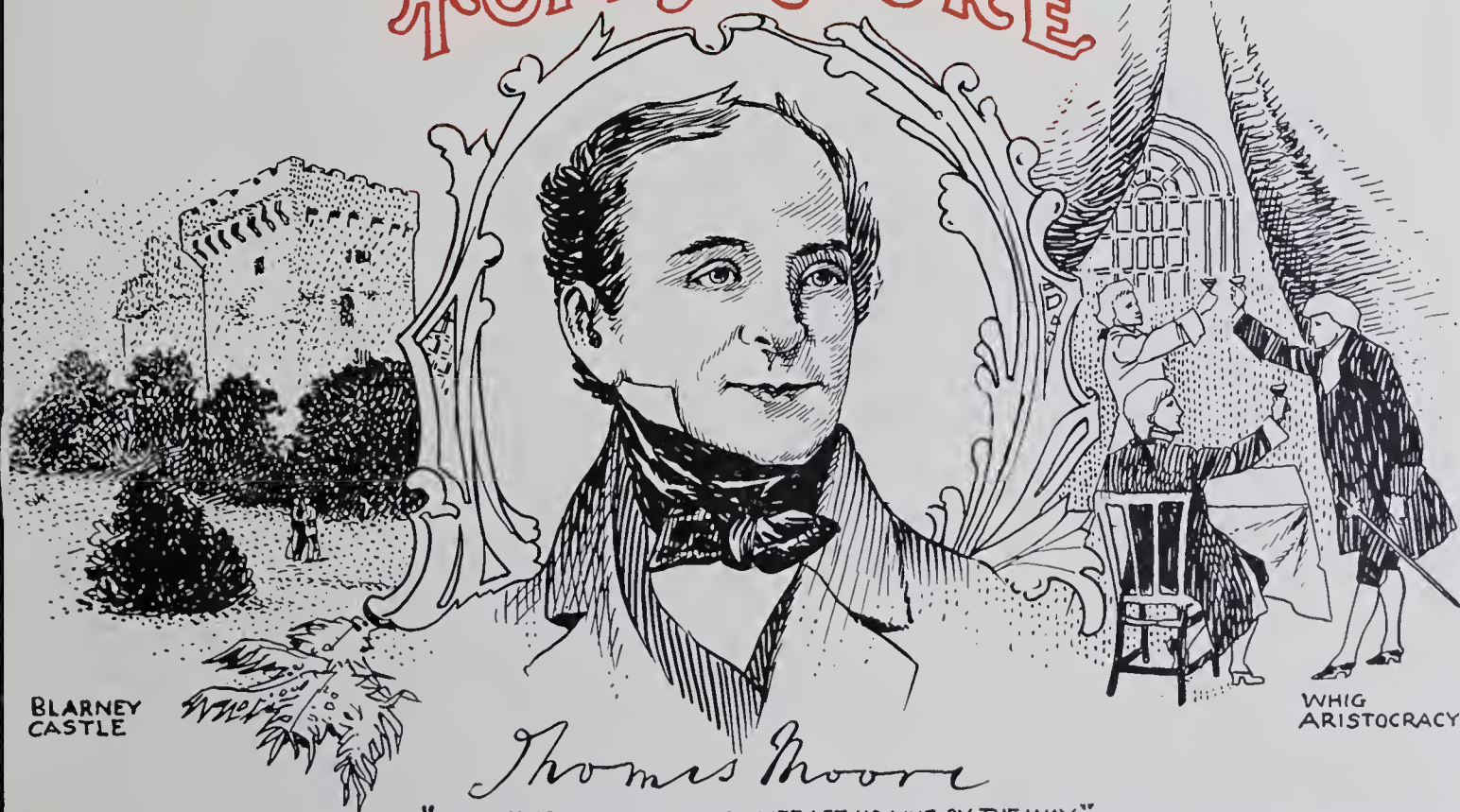


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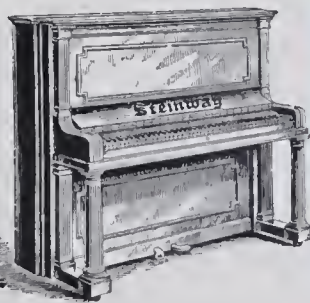


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FOR ALL  
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**NORTH  
EAST, SOUTH AND WEST**





GROESBECK





# The American Cartoonist

WHEREIN THE NEWSPAPER  
SKETCHERS—SKETCH, AND SCRIBBLERS—SCRIBBLE

Volume One

NOVEMBER, 1903

Number Two

## *The Education of the Newspaper Artist*

### *The Journalistic Side*

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK RICHARDSON

#### FIRST PART

THERE are many who contend that the newspaper artist incubator can not produce the same results as the real experience on a newspaper. They state that no artificial arrangement intended to simulate actual conditions of newspaper work can produce more than a hothouse-forced artist who has to be hardened by some genuine assignments. They say sham battles are edifying but not as instructive as real fights. They are proud that their glory was won in rain and cold, in the police station at night, on the rescue tug, on the special locomotive sent to the scene of the accident, and so on through the emergencies of newspaper illustration. And so with the cartoonists, one day they drew some cartoons and the editor saw them, and they have drawn cartoons ever since. They never studied in "a school for cartoonists,"—a "school for cartoonists" would be a good idea for a cartoon.

But there is many a young man with a predilection for newspaper drawing who wants to know how you are to get experience when that commodity cannot be bought. He has applied, with portfolio in a shaking hand, to one of these veterans who has reached the awful height of "Head of Cut Dept." and has been told that they have no time to train raw men, that they prefer to pay the price of experienced men, and that the office boy can do all the chores of the place the young man would have been willing to do for "experience." It was here that the incubator came into ex-

istence and guaranteed to furnish the artist with drawing technique and experience (so called from a clever device of fake assignments, etc.) with the aforesaid result.

Now the case is this: newspaper illustration has long since passed the doubtful stage—people want pictures. Certain papers are bound to meet that demand. That demand means artists. The pay is good, the work attractive to many artists, and the result is that, with the increased demand for artists came a greater increase of young artists. The demand for experienced men is the same and they, unfortunately, cannot be produced so fast.

Now while the would-be newspaper artist cannot buy experience, he can acquire other useful qualities that would relieve the head of the future art department in which he is to work and greatly recommend him to his position. And here we come to a number of suggestions for the student of newspaper illustration. First he should have a keen sense of the journalistic side of his work. He should know how a newspaper works, what demand it meets, what is news and what is not news, what is the speed in production of work and what are the work's requirements. This, if he has the proper instincts for news-



By Frederick Richardson for Chicago Daily News



paper work, he will know intuitively, and if he has not he would better remain among those of less lively aesthetic temperaments. It is a mistake to confound some other talent in art with a talent for newspaper illustration.



By Frederick Richardson for Chicago Daily News

Given that he has enough of the newspapersense to stand before the city editor's desk and look an assignment in the face, it is incumbent upon him to inform himself as best he may about the lairs in which a journal hunts its news. When it comes to the assignment itself, he may have no time for this; a hasty sketch, a few notes and then a drawing to be made later in the office with what elaboration time limits will permit, all with a rapidity to which he is little accustomed and little prepared. There are certain places in every city which are constant sources of news pictures and these can be so stored away that the memory serves to make a hasty note serviceable in the after elaboration. The habit of observation must be so cultivated that you can depend on it where sketches fail. There is the railway station; but if you are sent to draw the arrival of the distinguished personage you have not time to draw the end of a Pullman, to draw the uniforms of porters, conductors and all the other details which go to make up your picture; you have time just to make a hasty portrait and note the group of notables who meet the distinguished personage, before he is hustled into a carriage and driven off, and if you wish to draw that, you have no time to draw the harness but must have known it from previous study. This is an instance only; there is the police station, policemen, caps, buttons, braid, men and officers, all to have been observed and stored away before you really need them. There is every class of court to the superior court, and all the departments of government, federal and municipal, libraries, morgues, hospitals, life-saving stations, fire engine houses, with a mass of detail to observe regarding engine men, harness, etc., all these in a list of settings where the news of the day is chronicled and pictured.

It is sufficient to state that for the newspaper picture there is little time to pose a model and arrange accessories. Besides drawing, there are many things which go to make the successful newspaper artist. One of the standing criticisms with the art department is that the young men from the art schools come with so little else than that and their technique, painfully "shy" on everyday affairs. Artistically, he may be possible, but his mental equipment belongs to some other stool in the office outside the art and editorial rooms.

With the cartoonist, there is necessity for an equal store of information. It is lucky for him that he is born and not made, for the making would be a laborious process. Even born to that estate he has enough to do in informing himself upon politics past and present, history and affairs in general. He has to be within calling distance of men who are distinguished enough for his cartooning, and that makes a broad range of characters. To follow the cartoons of any of the better known cartoonists for a time will show what an amount of observation of things, animal, vegetable and mineral was necessary to produce the accessories of his picture. All this aside from his sense of humor, taste, cleverness of perception and charm of presentation that must be his to win the public.

If the insistence upon the necessity of information has been strong enough, no young newspaper artist need worry about over-educating himself. Not all writers are journalists, neither are all artists newspaper illustrators.

[To be Concluded in February Edition]



By Fredrick Richardson for Chicago Daily News



By Frederick Richardson for Chicago Daily News



## *Rubaiyat of the Cub Reporter*

WRITTEN BY W. A. FRISBIE

DRAWINGS BY FRANK WING



ERE I had held the Faber in my fist,  
I used to think I'd be a journalist:  
But now I know with all newspaper men,  
The journalistic cult would not be missed.

Reporters' work is underpaid, they say,  
But I do not regard the paltry pay;  
My chief reward the opportunity  
To make a monkey of some Pompous Jay.

I scooped the *Times*, and, when my work was done,  
I hung around to hear the praise I'd won;  
At length the City Ed. called me to him  
And roasted me for getting off my run.

And once again, by devious tips and clues,  
I ran to earth a startling piece of news;  
And, lo, it all had been in print before,  
Save one bare fact, and that too small to use.



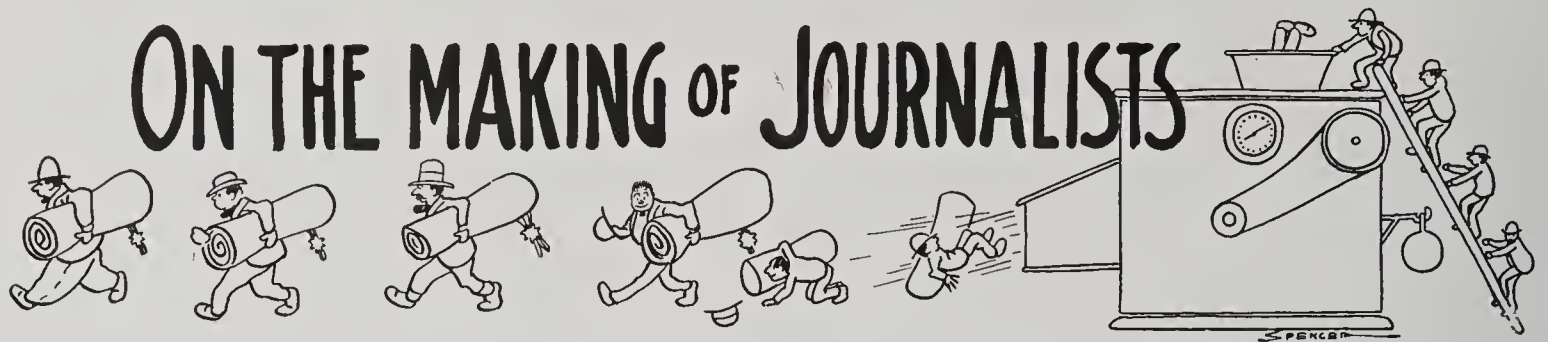
He said I must omit his name, and I,  
Regardful of his station, said I'd try.  
I wrote: "A well known man says thus and so——"  
And he seemed hotly vexed; I wonder why?

I saw a man all riddled like a sieve  
And wrote, with power, how he ceased to live.  
But, to the scandal of the copy desk,  
I had worked in a split infinitive.

"News must be boiled," I heard the ad.man say,  
"We're full of ads—to-morrow's bargain day."  
I boiled my stuff down to a whisper; then  
It was so short they threw it all away.

Some foolish folk to day-work fast are wed,  
But I will take the good "night side" instead,  
And feel paternal as the dog-watch wanes,  
For I have put a weary world to bed.





WRITTEN BY ROBERTUS LOVE

DRAWINGS BY W. CLYDE SPENCER

**T** WAS the year 1905. Two years before Mr. Joseph Pulitzer had proved himself "generously good," like a certain brand of cigars, by presenting to Columbia University a school of journalism—value, \$2,000,000. The school was now in full swing.

The Professor of Punctuation sat upon his raised platform, toying playfully with the tail of a comma which he had picked up from a pile of punctuation marks that littered his desk.

The class in punctuation filed into the recitation room.

"Mr. Kid," said the professor, "what is this that I hold in my hand?"

"A comma, sir," replied the student.

"And what is a comma?"

"A comma, sir, is a period with a tail."

"Correct; you may advance to the head of the class. Mr. Calf, what is this object?"

"A period, sir."

"And what is a period?"

"A period, sir, is a comma with its tail cut off."

"Correct; you may advance beyond Mr. Kid. What are these things, Mr. Cub?"

"Quotation marks, sir."

"And what are quotation marks?"

"Quotation marks, sir, are a pair of commas with their tails turned up."

"Correct; you may advance beyond Mr. Calf. You are a genius. Some day, Mr. Cub, you may be a journalist. The class in punctuation is now dismissed."

Swiftly the Professor of Poetics drew a hunk of chalk across the blackboard. He was no 'prentice hand at poetizing, and the limpid lines leaped into living length.

"Mr. Kid, what is wrong, if anything, with this couplet that I have composed?"

"The rhymes don't articulate, sir. You have tried to rhyme w-i-n-d with f-i-n-d."

"Wrong, Mr. Kid; w-i-n-d and f-i-n-d are excellent rhymes. Search your rhyming dictionary from cover to cover and you cannot find better ones. Read the couplet aloud."

Mr. Kid read from the blackboard:

"A watch so slow upon the wind  
I ween 'twere difficult to find."

"You have not read it correctly; you pronounced the first rhyme-word as if it rhymed with the word 'pinned.' Evidently you imagine that I, I, Professor of Poetics, have been guilty of the unpardonable sin of changing the pronunciation of a word expressing atmospheric condition to make it rhyme with 'find.' You mistake my meaning. Consult your Waterbury, and you will find that my rhyming is accurate. Mr. Cub, go to the blackboard and write an Ode to Ecstasy."

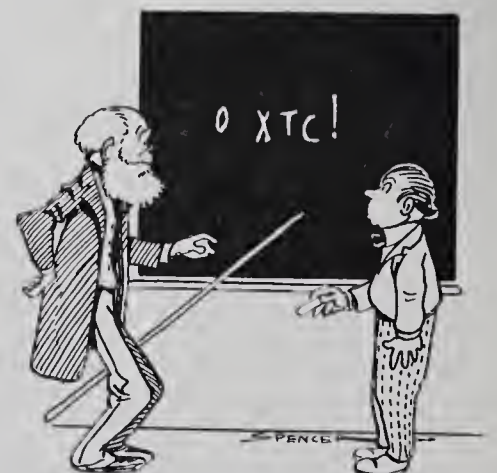
Mr. Cub walked jauntily to the blackboard, grasped the chalk hunk and began:

"O XTC! O XTC!  
I sing——"

"Stop, Mr. Cub! What do you mean, sir, by spelling the word 'ecstasy' in that fashion?"

"Professor," replied the youth, "I have just covered an assignment with the class in condensation, and the teacher told me to cut out all unnecessary verbiage."

"Mr. Cub, I am astounded at you. Do you not know that poets never condense their utterances? Look at Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Look at Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' Look at any ever-gushing fount of poesy of today. Poetry, I fear, is not in your line; you are entirely too practical. I will give you ten black marks. Go into the Punctuation Department and get your marks."



"Mr. Cub go to the blackboard and write an ode to Ecstasy."



The Professor of Punning sat idly drumming on his desk with the four fingers of his right hand. "Why do I drum?" he mused. "Now if I'd rum I might feel better—about four fingers of rum. Aha! I am in my old form again—Richard's himself!"

Professor Richard Wrotten of the punstership chair was a celebrated ex-paragrapher from a provincial paper. For many years he had written daily twenty-five paragraphs for the editorial page, each containing at least one pun, with elaborate diagram and elucidative key. His department was entitled "Our Puzzle Paragraphs." One day he carelessly wrote such an easy pun that it was discovered by the managing editor without the use of the key, and he was summarily dismissed.

When the School of Journalism was founded and the committee on Care-Taking began to cast about for a suitable Professor of Punning, the die fell naturally upon Mr. Wrotten, the Punk Punster of Podunk.

Mr. Wrotten, being out of a job, accepted the call. He had given eminent satisfaction in his professorship, and as the second class in third-class puns entered the recitation room he was feeling chesty.

"I have chest poured into my chest four fingers of rum," he mused, "and I think it will aid my dichestion. However, as I don't want to digest yet I won't spring this one on the class. Mr. Calf," he continued, aloud, "why is a cur dog like a watch?"

"Because it is a watch dog," ventured Mr. Calf.

"Next!"

"Because it stops when it is run down," feebly essayed Mr. Kid.

"Next!"

"Because it has ticks."

"Mr. Cub, you are a wonder. I shall recommend you to the faculty for the degree of B. J., Bachelor of Journalism, immediately."

"Alas, Professor Wrotten," sighed Mr. Cub, "I fear that I cannot accept a bachelor degree."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I am a married man."

"Ah!" cried Professor Wrotten, delightedly, "then we must make you an M. J."

Whereupon Mr. Cub was recommended to the faculty for the degree of Mildewed Jokes.



"Mr. Kid," said the Professor, "what is this I hold in my hand?"



## *A Present Sorrow*

WRITTEN BY ROBERT C. MCELRAVY

What, what is this cry on the Holiday air,  
A blemish on Xmas like to a nightmare?  
Why should there be grief at a moment like this,  
When Santa Claus never was yet known to miss  
A Miss, or a maiden, from youth to old age—  
Yet still we can hear it, an outcry of rage!  
Ah! now we are nearing the answer! The woes  
That are crying for comfort, what do you suppose?  
What, what do you think is the cause of this grief,  
This infernal sobbing that staggers belief?  
A secret I'll tell—it begins with the toes—  
'Tis the cry of the maids who've been wearing half-hose!





## William R. Hearst

Of New York—San Francisco

WRITTEN BY FREDERICK A. SMITH

DRAWING BY HARRY MURPHY

**H**ATS off, gentlemen of the craft, to the red, white and blue, star spangled banner, red head line, across the Continent American editor for the American *people*—William Randolph Hearst! While you are studying his tall, athletic figure, his long straight nose, his shrewd gray eyes—the whole topped by that same brown derby hat that has been his, lo, these many years—we will take the liberty of chatting about him just among ourselves. We shall be candid and shall not forget to use capitals when we arrive at those facts in his history which newspaper men have longed to know but which HAVE BEEN DENIED THEM.

Congressman Hearst, although scarcely more than a beardless youth, owns the San Francisco Examiner, the Chicago American and Chicago Examiner, the New York Journal and New York American. It has been reported frequently that he intends to establish another paper in Boston. Think of one of those special extras with Union Pacific box car letters on the first page being FLAUNTED IN THE FACE OF CULTURE! Think of Arthur Brisbane setting the Hub awhirl with an editorial on WHY EMERSON HATED JELLYCAKE or IS BUNKER HILL MONUMENT SLIDING OFF ITS BASE?

Mr. Hearst's first effort to save the PEOPLE from the grasp of predatory wealth was in San Francisco. He rescued the wage earner, but, in spite of all he could do to prevent it, his own large newspaper fortune steadily increased. He next went to the city of New York and bought the "old Penny Journal" which had been owned previously by Albert Pulitzer and by John R. McLean. The paper instantly sprang upon its feet and looked around for trouble. When the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor the concussion awoke William in his bed in his Lexington avenue mansion. Donning his brown derby hat and a few other garments Mr. Hearst called a cab and dashed to the Journal office at press time speed where he then and there fired the first gun of the Spanish-American war.

After defeating Spain Mr. Hearst washed the powder stains from his hands and went to Chicago. He started the Chicago American just in time to dry up the Galveston flood and to start William Jennings Bryan on his second long journey away from the White House. He sent three high-school boys around the world on a race against time that proved no end of a good circulation plan, not only for the boys BUT FOR THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS THEMSELVES.

Personally Mr. Hearst is a man of gentle nature, of keen perception as to the value of other men and has great executive ability. He is an organizer. He fashions the typographical appearance of his newspapers (they are all alike) and is himself a newspaper man who knows a good story and can present his facts well after he has gathered them. In conducting his three great properties he adopts some of the methods of syndicate economy which his editors have frequently and so sternly condemned in trusts. To men who are producers he pays big salaries, but he is not in the newspaper business for his health nor for the downtrodden public's health, and has not permanently raised the scale of SALARIES in any of the three cities which he has invaded. He does not CHEW, drink, smoke nor SLEEP.

Having brandished the flaming sword of truth in the face of the ENEMIES OF THE COMMON PEOPLE for several years he is now about to prepare to agree to accept his reward—the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

Supposing now if Willie Hearst should get that nomination, and if people should consent to Willie's elevation; Would our Willie think it proper to call on jolly Oppen to illustrate his messages and boom their circulation?

Supposing if, as President, he met with provocation, and if the country went to war against the German nation; Would our Willie hold it wiser to annihilate the Kaiser with Brisbane ball and cartridge—or Katzenjammeration?

Would Swinnerton and Davenport in Hearst's administration bring to the common people, then, complete emancipation, Would John D. Rockefeller's ducats fill our dinner buckets or would the country go to—well—unfit for publication?







. WILLIAM R. HEARST  
OF NEW YORK — SAN FRANCISCO



# Following the Fun-Makers

WRITTEN BY A. U. MAYFIELD

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GALLUP



Exterior view of Henry Edward Warner, sketched by himself

**F**ELLOWS, as the term generally goes, when not under the ban of elite restrictions, might be taken to mean any old maverick of the "fellow" sex. But the particular "fellows" of whom I would talk belong to the "bunch" of humor writers who manage to get pay for being funny—painfully funny at times, not only painful to the "fellow" himself, who sits up nights trying to think of something pleasant when he would rather be burying a friend; but fearfully distressing to the reading public and excruciatingly racking to the nerves of the man behind the money drawer.

Selah!

Six months have come and gone; six eventful moons have crossed the azure canopy—some were in quarters, some in halves, some full—and all since the American Press Humorists met at Baltimore; greeted, loved, parted.

What have they been doing since?

To tell it all would be worse than murder. When the nestlings of the smart sets hop off their perches and flutter into the arena of society, there is no end of crowing over the event. Why not a few cackles from the fellows who wring smiles from faces of stone? (Patent applied for on the wringer.)

I have tried to keep in touch with as many of them as would be touched. Henry Edward Warner, who writes "Things and Other Things" for the Baltimore News, has not been "idyl,"

although he tried it several times during the summer. He laid down his pen and took up the hoe for one week. But Warner is again at the rack. Some day I will hire a town hall and give a lecture on "How Warner was Snared in His Own Whiskers; or, Released on a Close Shave."

Robert J. Burdette—dear, kind Bob; how we all love him! Between periods in which he is trying to make an honest living at lecturing and writing for the newspapers, he preaches for a Baptist church at Los Angeles and serves on the Fire and Police board at Pasadena, California. Most of the past summer was spent—together with other short change—by Burdette on the lecture circuit. On his 59th birthday (July 30) Mrs. Burdette made him a present of a new Den. He is now having it attached to the other end of the house. The windows are very high and he will have to stand up to look out. Too much trouble to stand up, and he will think less and do more in his new Den—he thinks. Bob loves California in the sunset

of his glorious life. He says in a recent letter to me:

"This is a great country for fun. Get on a trolley car at Pasadena, ride one hour in one direction—on top of Mt. Low, 6,000 feet above sea level. Mountain air; have to tie a weight on my feet to stay down. Take trolley headed in another direction, one hour lands you in Pacific ocean. Have to tie corks on head to stay up. When I stay at home—midway—just right—head up, feet down; everything normal and level."

Then Burdette grows romantic—beautifully so—and adds: "All these are busy days for me, and then as the sun goes down, and the twilight creeps out into the sky, a little walk through the terraces of the



S. E. Kiser close to nature

gardens of Sunnycrest, where tangles and borders of thickets of roses, and lilies, and carnations, and old fashioned hollyhocks and stocks, Sweet Williams and every variety of geraniums, beds of pansies and blue fountains of plumbago; great oleanders smothered in their own bloom—palms and pines and ferny peppers overhead—everywhere bloom and perfume—ah, my boy, a man can work eighteen hours a day and stand it, with such an hour at eventide."

I am coming right out, Bob.

S. E. Kiser—bard, novelist, philosopher and male modiste of the Chicago Record-Herald, has plowed corn all summer. He says so himself. I believe him. Kiser could lie but won't—his wife won't let him. He thinks he has raised enough maize this year to fill the wolf with corn pone and mush, should he come to the door. At present he—Kiser, not the wolf—is out in the jungles of Lake Michigan prospecting for thoughts to put into his "Great American Novel" which he is preparing to spring on the public.



Bob Burdette nearing the summit



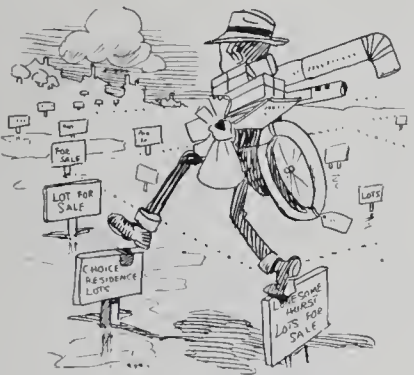
"Where d'ye want to go?"  
"To bed"





Appleton's buttermilk capacity

Jack Appleton, who writes "Ginger Jar" for the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, is still spending the summer. It is about all he has left to spend, and that's about gone now—Jack says so himself, and no one knows better than Jack. In August Jack borrowed a clean collar and a satchel and trekked for his old home in the mountains of West Virginia. He filled up on buttermilk and thoughts in the rough. The buttermilk worried him for awhile and he is gradually getting rid of the thoughts.



Robertus Love as a commuter

Yes, Robertus Love has got fame cornered, and he has torn to the woods. His friends who have read his daily threats in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch for many years, have expected this. His address is now Maplewood, suburb to St. Louis, car fare five cents, hot and cold water, easy walking distance to tall timber. He went out there to pick up flesh and other little things he can find to pick up. He expects to write a book to sell.

Robertus Love!

There is rythm in his name!  
His goal is near—'tis fame, 'tis fame!



H. L. Robbins—his work bench

Will Reed Dnnroy, who writes "Willie Smartweed" for the Chicago Chronicle, when last heard from was convalescing and will probably live through the winter if he can make terms with his landlord. The next issue of The American Cartoonist will tell "where at" the other boys have been since.

O, the things he has did  
Since leaving Baltimore  
Would cause the soft-shell crabs to weep  
And make the ocean roar.

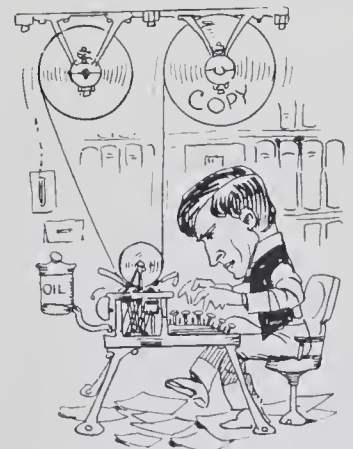
Lowell Otus Reese, who stars on the San Francisco Bulletin, reports having had diverse experience since he returned the hired dress suit to Rabb Brothers, in Baltimore, last May. Leaving Baltimore "the subject of our sketch" drifted into New York City and tried to see it all in one week. Result: "All in" when he boarded the Royal Blue for—he cared not where.

"Where d'ye want to go?" asked the conductor.  
"To bed," replied Reese. The porter took steps to put him in an upper and he awoke in Pittsburgh. At Flagstaff three soldier recruits ran out of meal tickets and Reese's heart was again touched. So was his wad. He landed in 'Frisco full of experience and devoid of lucre.



Bixby beached

Colonel A. L. Bixby has not been heard of "since," but the Colonel may be counted on as shining wherever he is—and I say this without reference to his red hair. When "Bix" went bathing in Chesapeake bay at Baltimore a western lady remarked that he resembled a sunburst viewed from the top of Pike's Peak; but Bix's beautiful nature is to be more admired than all the sunbursts and rainbows ever seen in the region of the Great Divide. He still writes Daily Drift for the Nebraska State Journal, of Lincoln, and is thinking of running for congress.



The recreation of Geo. Ade

George Ade—but what's the use? Ade has not been doing much this summer—only writing a few new plays and pounding a few thousand Fables in Slang out of his typewriter. He has moved his den to Highland Park, Ill., where the air is purer and the water thinner.

James W. Foley, made famous by his generosity in presenting Bismark, N. D., with a town pump, has added a few new shingles to his house this year. He farmed some and says that his Saratoga chips will yield a bumper crop.

J. A. Edgerton, of New York, I fear has fallen from grace. I am sorry for this, too, for Edgerton was a bright light in the profession. Yes, he has gone into politics, head over heels, and moved to New York where he hopes to be "brought out" by the Reform party. O, that unholy thirst for office—it came near putting me out of business once.

H. L. Robbins is still "In the Air." That's what he calls the thoughts he shoots from the sanctum of the Newark, New Jersey, News, and a great many of them fall to the ground and find good soil.



J. A. Edgerton as the leader of a reform party

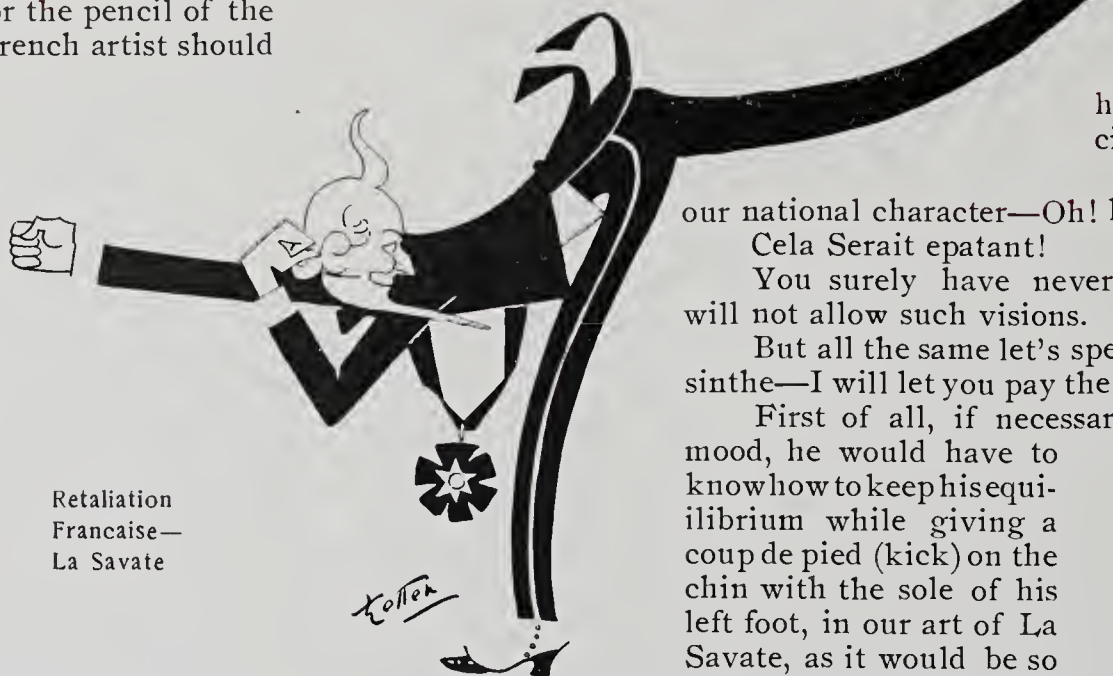


# French and American Cartoons

A COMPARISON BY MAURICE KETTEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

**F**ILL your glass with absinthe, put in a piece of sugar and let the water drop . . . . . And tell me now, seriously, have you ever considered, mon cher ami l'Americani, how many things your dear Oncle Sam would have to learn to make himself a fit subject for the pencil of the French artist should



Retaliation  
Francaise—  
La Savate

he take the notion to become a citizen of La Belle, France—?

Do you see Oncle Sam

our national character—Oh! la! la! what a change for him. Cela Serait epatant!

You surely have never thought of it. Your pride will not allow such visions.

But all the same let's speak about it. Some more absinthe—I will let you pay the drinks and I will pay the tips.

First of all, if necessary to sketch him in a fighting mood, he would have to know how to keep his equilibrium while giving a coup de pied (kick) on the chin with the sole of his left foot, in our art of La Savate, as it would be so very much handy for the

artist of our French papers, having a lot of lines all ready to draw the so beautiful trajectoires made by this mode of defense.

And on the Great 14th of July (our 4th of July) in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille (a Bas les rois) how out of place he would look if he could not dance le chahut or la gigue with Mademoiselle La Goulue and Monsieur l'oeil Creve'.

Where is the French artist who would dare picture him shooting fire crackers? (it is too dangerous and we don't want lockjaw.)

Oui, mon ami, he must dance if only to please the cartoonists of my country. Also he must get accustomed to be greeted: "Vive Oncle Sam!" or "A Bas Oncle Sam!" it depends on the weather with us.

Garcon apportez nous some more absinthe. I pay the tips.

And more, he would have to assume our mercurial temperament and break his furniture if things did not go very well in his new home.

This way of using the broom, as he does in American cartoons, does not clean at all here. Anyhow you know at the Paris School of Fine Arts and at Julian they don't teach how to draw brooms?

Get another one.

You buy the drinks, I pay the tips.

Also it will be necessary to learn duelling, because if he should be insult Sacre bleu! he could only say, (My honor is avenge) by being represented in cartoons with a sword in his hand, a doctor, two witnesses, a photographer and maybe a drop of red ink on his right arm. Pour dire vrai! to use his fists as they picture him in United States lacks refinement and has not the so very beautiful curves that a duelling scene gives.

Cette absinthe est delicieuse.



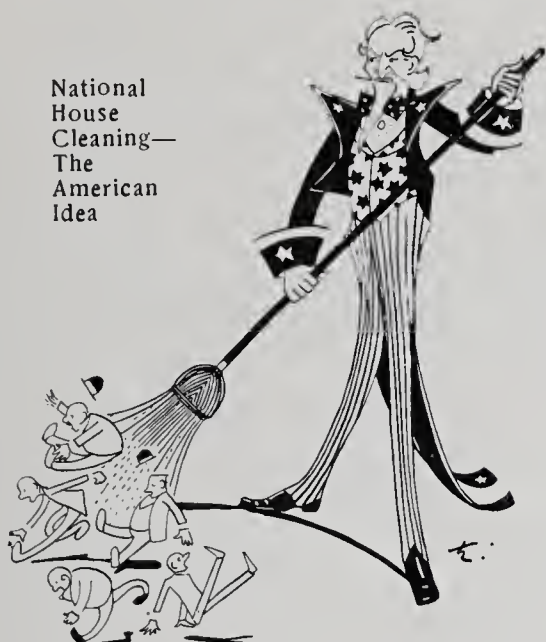
Uncle Sam's Fourth



Johnny Crepaud's Fourth, i. e. July 14th



National House Cleaning—  
The American Idea



In time of prosperity, he would have to save his old stockings (but he must see they are well darned) to keep his savings, as our dear Marianne does, being the French custom.

In time of panic he would find it handy.

He will have to jog his memory constantly to recognize (when in print) the faces of the men of the day and some other days, too, as the French artists never label them. It is so inartistic and they don't want to spoil the collars and cuffs. (We have no Chinese laundries in France.)

Drinks, I will pay the tips.

Your dear Uncle Sam would have to learn the art of padding his calves (his legs are so thin) to look well in knee breeches as well as to bow gracefully and kiss the ladies' hands a la Louis XIV. And not forget to lay aside his chew so as to be able to welcome his new ally, the powerful Czar and other royalty.

Don't you think absinthe is more delicious than whiskey?

On his generosity he will have to put a curb and for services rendered give only a tiny red ribbon of the glorious order of the French Legion of Honor, instead of the big plums he give in your country. It is much cheaper. He will find it so, and it make a Frenchman so happy.

But, mon tres cherami, have no fear, for

I am sure your dear Uncle Sam at his age would not care to make such radical changes. And between us he would not deprive his friends, the American cartoonists, of their best beloved character.

And if ever your American cartoonists have the Blue (Black in French) tell them to drink absinthe; it make everything look Green, and will help them with the Yellow Journalism.

Now you pay the drinks and I pay the tips.



Johnny Crepaud's Safe Deposit



National House Cleaning—  
The French Idea



Revenge a la Parisienne



Revenge a la Americaine

# Intermittent Blindness.

WRITTEN BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

DRAWINGS BY KIN HUBBARD

**I**SN'T it strange how we are sometimes totally unable to judge among our own ideas and select the really effective ones—ever notice it, you others who sketch, or scribble, or both?

I say "sometimes." I believe that after a few years' experience one cultivates a quick, intuitive "because" sort of judgment that makes one's lucid intervals cover at least nine-tenths of the time.

But the other tenth!

The brightest of the bunch—even the hardened veterans—have occasional "off" streaks when, if not carefully guarded, they will produce a line of work almost far enough below their usual standard to be justifiably attributable to a rank outsider or the rawest amateur.

At such times the man who is working under the sort of pressure that forces him always to turn out half-baked work needs the attention of his frank friends. Or, if he has cultivated the faculty of recognizing the premonitory symptoms of these attacks of intermittent idea-blindness, he will do wisely and well to watch himself with all the solicitude of a hen with one lone chicken—himself playing both title roles.

In such crises I have been suddenly assailed with an insistent "hunch" for a mot or bit of verse. If the former, it fairly scintillated; if the latter, it was pregnant with rhythmic possibilities and subtle grace.

I was enraptured. It was nothing short of genuine inspiration. Sometimes I gloated over it. Then I chid myself for feeling boastful with regard to the gifts of heaven. Rather, I thought, I should pity the other poor drudging devils that no such a catch had come to their empty and water-logged nets.

"O well," I would reason, "it only goes to show that all these long years of patience and toil must have their reward," and my thumbs mechanically sought the armholes of my vest.

The next day, if I chanced to have been so fortunate as to have enough matter ahead to prevent my having to sit right down and hammer it out, I blushed with shame as I reverted to the idea I had been foolish enough to entertain even for a moment. It was the limit. And I shuddered to think: "What if I had written and used it at once!"

Or if, by harder Fate, the thing had come to me when the copy boy was standing impatiently at my elbow, I have wept to see it in print next day. And thereafter, until I had redeemed myself by writing something comparatively good, I avoided meeting the few misguided people whom I absolutely knew to have been caught at various times reading my stuff.

It had fallen flatter than an unbaked pancake, while the thing you had been so ashamed of that you had been almost afraid for the managing editor's eyes to fall upon it, took like wildfire and was clipped everywhere.

The thing you thought inexcusably common-place may have been so good that even the composing-room force failed to apply the usual name to it—no, that is impossible.

I was just wondering if you hadn't all been up against it. I have.







# A Plea for Parnassus



WRITTEN BY J. W. FOLEY

DRAWINGS BY HARRY WOOD



O H, is there no exchange for bards  
Whom Fate, perverse, belittles,  
Where verses may be left to trade  
For some small beer and skittles?

Friend, can you not direct me to  
(And stake good faith upon it),  
Some mart, where I may go and get  
A sausage for my sonnet?

I have the finest quatrain here  
That words in rhyme may utter.  
Right willingly I'd trade it for  
A slice of bread with butter.

This epic: is it not well done?  
(Despite the critic-clackers).  
I offer it for one small bun,  
And, eke, some cheese and crackers.



Long have I worshiped thee, my Muse,  
(May all the Fates defend her).  
Yet could I wish thou wert a bank  
Where rhyme was legal tender.

The bloody butcher with his bill—  
Could I write "paid" upon it  
By merely reaching in my till  
And handing forth a sonnet!

Ah, blissful vision! Just to pay  
My tailor's obligation  
By writing on its back, we'll say,  
An "Ode to Liquidation."

How sweet 'twould sound: "An epic's worth  
Of beef—of beer—of 'lasses!"  
'Twould be millenium of earth,  
'Twould be—'twould be—Parnassus!





WRITTEN BY FREDERICK A. SMITH

DRAWINGS BY T. A. DORGAN

**W**ALL street is a narrow, winding lane in little, old New York, where millionaires go to recuperate after their vacations. Lambs also go there to gambol. At one end of the road is the graveyard of old Trinity and at the other stretches the East River. When the lambs get tired of gambling it is their privilege to go as far as they like in either direction and lie down.

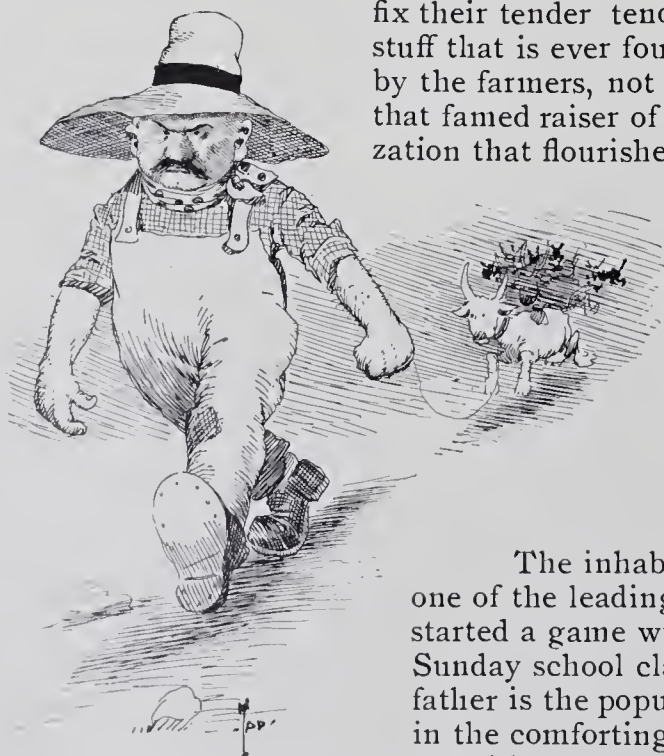
The street runs past J. Pierpont Morgan's office. Up to date it is the only thing that has succeeded in getting past. It is a sight worth going many miles to see when Farmer Morgan leads his steel stock down through the dewy morning to the shore of the river and waters it—the stock, not the river. First the preferred stock drinks large funnel-shaped holes in the rushing tide and then stands aside to ask the common herd what it is going to have. As the poet says, "Little drops of water with a dash of high finance, keep J. P.'s stock in motion and the public in a trance."

It is a dangerous thing to go into Wall street without a guide. The cattle are so ornery. The best way is to forget everything you ever read in the Sunday-school books, shut your eyes and don't act as if you feel a hand on your watch pocket even if you do. They'll get it anyway. Charlie Schwab left his soft iron bed in Pittsburg and took a stroll in Wall street but it was only a saunter—a mere saunter. The man didn't know anything about high finance until it fell on him and removed his cupola.

Wild thyme doesn't grow on the banks along Wall street. Nothing but interest and taxes fix their tender tendrils there. The only green stuff that is ever found in the place is brought in by the farmers, not experienced agriculturists like J. Pirrigation Morgan nor like that famed raiser of corn on the cob, John Doubleyou Gates, but the spinach organization that flourishes on a thousand hills. After these farmers are properly entertained by the House Committee and have lost all save honor they wander up to the churchyard and read the epitaphs describing how the departed members of some of the very best families got theirs.

Wall street is like heaven in one respect. There the comparison begins to be odious. The street is paved with gold, carefully blocked off into bricks. As rapidly as these are removed by souvenir hunters they are replaced by the Board of Highwaymen. If there are any spots where bricks are not on sale the reader will confer a favor upon the circulation department by reporting the same at once.

The inhabitants have customs and habits like other people. Russell Sage, one of the leading citizens, has only one habit. John Gates loves his poker and has started a game with no limit but the blue dome. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has a Sunday school class at which the usual collection is taken. Mr. Rockefeller's father is the popular educator who endowed the Chicago University. He is secure in the comforting knowledge that every kerosene lamp that burns in a cosy, mortgaged home, far or near, is adding its dim glow to the great white light that illuminates the broad path of education.



Farmer Morgan leads his steel stock to water



The only green stuff that is found in the place is brought in by the farmers



When Diogenes, on his search, arrived in New York on a Staten Island ferry boat, he walked unsuspectingly into Wall street. Whereupon he blew out his lantern and said there was a limit to everything and he didn't propose to waste good oil. The editor of a Socialist-Labor paper said within the privacy of his own office the other day that the labor union delegate, whom he eulogized each morning, was a gentleman to be loved—and avoided. It's a good deal the same with our little center of finance. Love Wall street if you want to, be a brother to her if you must, but don't marry her.

Again the poet:

"How do you do?" said the Wall street vet,  
To the man who was new to the bizz;  
"I suppose you are going to start right in  
And make the old market sizz."

"To make honest coin," said the younger man,  
"Is the height of my ambition."  
"You win," said the vet, with a care-worn smile,  
"You'll find no competition."



J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., has a Sunday school class at which the usual collection is taken



WRITTEN BY MARY D. MCFADDEN  
DRAWING BY L. A. SEARL

Has a blow fallen?  
Bear it—be strong!  
Heart fibres toughen  
By suffering long.

Better the lightning  
Rending the night  
Than the day, terribly  
Sunlessly light!

Life is like weather—  
Laughter and tears;  
Strife with the elements  
Lengthens the years.

Live in the sunshine,  
Buffet the storm;  
Purpose and action  
Keep the heart warm.



## Sketchers Who Sketch—

### ALBERT T. REID OF TOPEKA

**I**N his early youth, while he ran at large in the sun-flower jungles of Cloud County in Northern Kansas. Albert Turner Reid had not decided between art and music. He insisted on dividing his time between caricaturing his neighbors and playing rag-time ditties on the family piano. Some of the neighbors who suffered at his hands frankly admitted that he would be hanged before maturity, and that he was totally bad.



Photo by Curtiss, Kansas City

Mr. Reid's first attempt to break into the public press with his handiwork was in Kansas City. All the editors kindly explained to him that what he needed to finish his art education and get into their class, was a correspondence course in drawing water and painting barns. Albert T. meekly tried the next place. His first position came at last in the shape of a combination of reporter and staff artist on the Topeka Mail and Breeze, and later, after they had seen his work, the Kansas City Star people kindly permitted him to mar their pages with his efforts.

After going East and showing the artists on Judge, McClure's, the Herald, and other famous publications, how to do real stunts, Mr. Reid returned to the West and now he lives in Topeka, does cracking cartoons for the Kansas City Journal, and plays as good a game of billiards as any man in his class.



### RAY D. HANDY OF DULUTH

**R**AY D. HANDY neglected to have himself born on the farm. He came unwittingly upon Minneapolis one pleasant day in August, 1877, but he only speaks one language and that's English. He has overcome the handicap of city birth, after several trials. He entered the federal service as a Post Office employe, but foreseeing the present disturbed state of the department he very thoughtfully resigned, or was requested to resign for drawing pictures in the dust on the department windows.

He went to Columbus, O., and the Zairian art college tried to do something with him. The Art Student's league of New York made an ineffectual attempt to nip his budding genius, and the late beloved "Doc" Bowman, of Minneapolis, hailed him little brother at sight, and put him to work. Ray made little pictures for the Tribune under Bowman for four years, and went to Duluth on September 2, 1902, where he has approached success and fame via "leaps and bounds." The habit of copying his cartoons is chronic with the Boston Herald, the New York ditto, Public Opinion, the Literary Digest, and the Pittsburg Index. Mr. Handy has had no trouble in "arriving" but he will encounter huge obstacles if he makes any attempt to get away.



Photo by Zweifel



### NORMAN E. JENNETT OF NEW YORK



Photo by I. P. Gillette

**B**EGAN in Wayne Co., North Carolina, in 1877; was a good child, before he could walk; commenced making his mark early and often and made it everywhere; covered walls of his school house with cartoons and comment; was given a job on a weekly paper as printer's devil at \$1.75 per week; was no spendthrift.

Was hired after a while by editor of the Raleigh News and Observer, and as was afterward admitted by residents of the state, did much to free the commonwealth of negro rule, by his clever cartoons. Went to New York and studied art at the National Academy of Design. The Academy professors admit that they never had a more designing student. He drew some pictures for and some money from the New York Journal and Sunday Herald. Went to St. Louis by request, then back to Brooklyn to work on the Eagle. New York Herald couldn't get over his absence and asked him to come back, where he has since been.



## *Scribblers Who Scribble*

*S. W. GILLILAN OF BALTIMORE*

**R**EAD the little story of S. W. Gillilan, written by one who knows.

"I write my middle name Wordsworth, when I'm trying to sell poetry to the magazine editors. I took place on a farm in Southern Ohio. I look it. That was nearly thirty-four years ago. Guess how old I am.

"I first wrote verses on the sly—my parents being moral people—when I was ten years old. Between times I worked in the fields, joshing with the stubborn glebe, and in the spring I conducted a finishing school where young calves were taught the art of drinking from a pail instead of their mammas. While at that business I invented the expression 'I wean,' which has since been used in good poetry by people like Shakespeare. Went to college at Athens, O., until I had spent all my own money and that of my close friends who were not too awfully close. Went to work on the Richmond, Ind., Telegram for six per. That paper had such a wonderful vitality that it lasted almost two years after I tackled it.

Last fall the Baltimore American got reckless and here I am. I'm vice-president of the American Press Humorists and, for fear some innocent party might be blamed for it, I helped Warner organize it. Don't think I have no sense of shame—it's just my frankness.



*MARY D. McFADDEN OF DULUTH*



**"W**ITH American sympathies and Irish blood." That was the way Mary D. McFadden was born. She says so herself. This happened Feb. 27, 1876, in New Brunswick. "In her creeping days she got out of Canada and she never will return there voluntarily," she continues her autobiography. She adds that Miss McFadden "learned her letters from the caption of 'The Big Stone County Herald,' a publication delivered at the door of her parents' shanty on the Minnesota prairie by neighbors returning from monthly excursions to the postoffice." She tells the rest of it in this wise:

"Convent graduate and schoolma'am at 14 years. Resigned the pedagogic profession at the age of fifteen plus, because parents, pupils and school board agreed that she didn't 'belong.' Entered Minnesota University same year, studied shorthand as a side issue, and wanted to be a 'journalist.' Received State Capitol appointment in St. Paul, and broke into newspaper work, with the assistance of a tender-hearted managing editor of the Minneapolis Times in 1899.

Learned something about real politics, while in charge of Democratic headquarters at St. Paul, during Governor John Lind's administration. And—well, she's lived happily ever since.



*LOWELL OTUS REESE OF SAN FRANCISCO*

**N**OBODY would take Lowell Otus Reese for a "Hoosier." He doesn't look it, and, being given to taciturnity, he has never babbled on himself, and, up to now, the fact has remained concealed.

The worst is told, now the harrowing particulars. The circumstances occurred thirty-six years ago, a short distance south of Indianapolis, and Mr. Reese is, therefore, a farmer by birth.

But he "didn't like the cabbage and the corn," as the poet says, so he became a band leader, and he beat the band by several bars, in most of the contests.

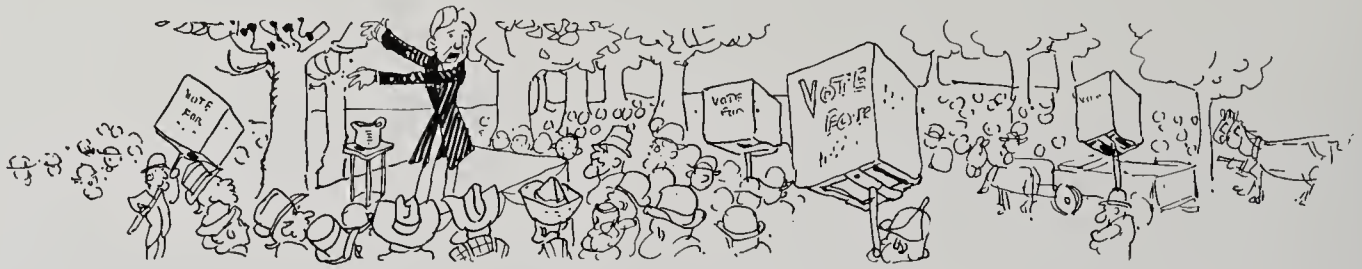
Still dissatisfied, he began to be a school teacher. Began—notice the word. The school trustees did the rest and Mr. Reese sailed for California aboard a mule.

He went to sea, but the sea had no more use for him than the basis of the first fish lie had for Jonah, and he was cast back upon California.

Then he gave himself up to the authorities and began to write jokes. sentence—however, he's not married.



They say it is a life



## Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge of Indiana

Writer and Statesman

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

DRAWING BY F. BOWERS

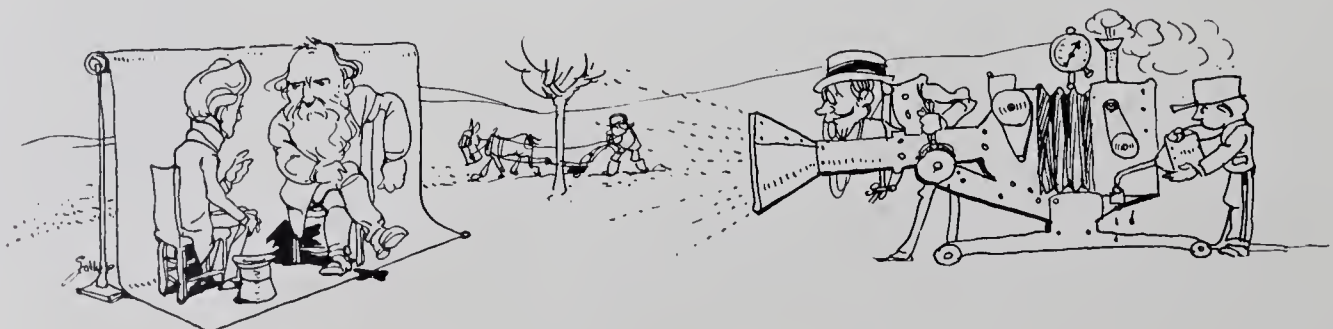
IT is only within recent years that Indiana has been laying a loud and insistent claim to Albert J. Beveridge. This is simply for the reason that the junior senator from Hoosierdom is so young that only a boys' baseball nine could have claimed him a decade ago. He was trying his first knickerbockers when the Historical Romance movement began in Indiana, and he was not more than fifteen at the time the 701st edition of "Ben Hur" was sold. He had not made his graduation speech at the time James Whitcomb Riley wrote himself into fame with the poem beginning:

"When the frostbite's on the chilblain  
An' the corn is in the sock."

In fact, Mr. Beveridge is young—very young, though he is getting over it as fast as anybody can expect. Having been born in Ohio, Mr. Beveridge long ago realized that he had a long start toward political eminence. At the close of the civil war, when young Albert Jeremiah was two years old, his family moved to Indiana. After making his way through the common schools without demonstrating any desire to debate, save with his parents, on the subject of fishing and swimming, he entered De Pauw University, a Methodist institution particularly strong in football, but languishing for oratory. It was here that the name of Beveridge began to be followed by applause makers. His orations soon became the talk of the faculty, the "frats," and the girls with the college pins, and at last when he stumped the state for somebody or other he brought down an avalanche of votes and awoke to find himself featured in the patent inside of every country paper on the banks of the Wabash.

From this to the United States Senate was an easy jump, and today Mr. Beveridge is not only the youngest member of that august body, but the most versatile as well. He and the Czar have put their heads together and planned Russian articles for the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post; he has talked with the venerable Tolstoi, with a moving picture machine tossing off yards of film in the background; he has in one fell swoop dissolved the statehood dreams of Arizona and New Mexico, and he has met the onslaught of the savage Joe Bailey of Texas and emerged with a rumpled necktie and a clear conscience.

There is no telling where Mr. Beveridge is going to stop. His thousands of loyal admirers in Indiana say he is never going to stop. They say that the Republican vice presidential nomination is his to a moral certainty, and that next will come the presidency. But to all this Mr. Beveridge is silent—for he has the chief quality of the true orator—he has nothing to say about himself.







SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE  
OF INDIANA



WRITTEN BY RAYMOND A. EATON

DRAWINGS BY FRED I. LEIPZIGER

"YOU look worried," remarked Nichols to Wood as the latter came out of the city editor's office. "I'm not worried, but I'm mad," replied Wood as he sank in his chair and threw his feet up on the desk. "Every prominent man ought to have his obituary written out and filed in the newspaper offices. Here we reporters go and swell 'em up during their lives and they don't even leave behind 'em a friend who can give dates."

"What's the trouble?" asked Steinel.

"Just this," answered Wood. "This afternoon I drew the death of old man Clarkson, former mayor, former police commissioner, former president of the council, former president of the Commercial club—"

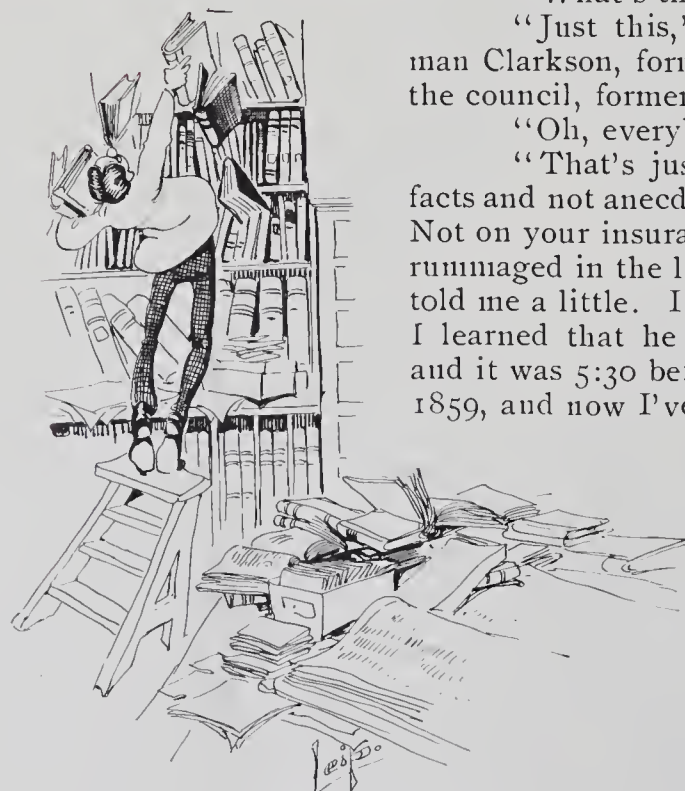
"Oh, everybody knew Josiah H. Clarkson," put in Nichols.

"That's just it, everybody knew him, but what a newspaper wants is facts and not anecdotes," exclaimed Wood. "I thought I had a snap, but did I? Not on your insurance policy. I looked through all the histories of this town, rummaged in the library. Nothing doing. I hustled up his old friends. They told me a little. I picked up a thread here and there and it was 4 o'clock before I learned that he married Susan Buncomb in Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 3, 1857, and it was 5:30 before I learned that he removed to Waterloo, Ind., in October 1859, and now I've only just finished the story.

"It was 2:30 before I got the death-bed scenes and then I started out for an obituary of the best known man in town. His children could give me no dates, but they thought John B. Dunleavy could. Well, Dunleavy lives in Prospect Heights. You take the University avenue car to the end of the line and transfer to the Heights car. He lives six blocks beyond the end of that line. He told me a good deal and then referred me to George Pennington. Pennington lives at Westmoreland avenue, about ten miles from Dunleavy's. I piked there, but he could only give me a little and sent me to see F. S. Hardin, who lives the second door from Dunleavy's, so I hiked back. Hardin gave me some good dope and told me to see

Edward G. Wilbur. He lives at 6637 Riverside avenue, and you know where that is. Wilbur wasn't home. Then I sailed over to Alderman Jimmy Maloney's and got some facts. He thought Harvey Carper would know more than any other man in town. It was 6:00 then.

"Carper lives out in Peaceful Valley. You take the C. S. & N. to the Valley station. That's a swell suburb, but there aren't any cars running there after 9:00, and it was 9:15 when I got there. They've got fine lawns and big houses, but little dinky incandescent lights on the corners; just enough



"I rummaged in the library"



"He lives six blocks beyond that line"



light to make everything dark. There isn't a number in that suburb, and you won't believe me, but honest, everybody had gone to bed! I woke up four families before I learned that Carper lives on a ten-acre patch of ground just outside Peaceful Valley. I got there a little after 10:00 and shinned up a trellis to get away from a dog he has that's as big as a shetland pony.

"Carper had everything down pat, and I passed his office building six times during the afternoon. He's all right. He threw a drink into me and gave me four cigars wrapped in tinfoil.

"I got into town at 11:10 o'clock and I have just finished the biography of the best man in town. I'll bet some dinky thing will get in the other papers and the city editor will hand me mine for not getting it; will say I ought not to miss a point when I had all afternoon to get the story."

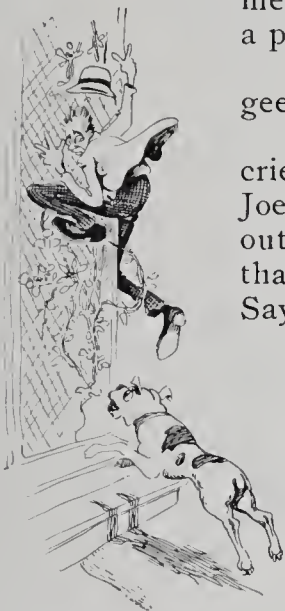
"Well, hadn't you?" demanded Steinel. "Holy, gee, if the others get it, hadn't you? Say?"

"Look here, Dutchy, don't you 'say' me!" cried Wood. "I'm United States. I'm not from St. Joe! Why, you sauerkraut stiff you got the life beat out of you yesterday. Why didn't you get that letter that was left by the man who mysteriously disappeared? Say? How did that happen? Say?"

The unfortunate reporter walked away and Wood exclaimed:

"I tell you, if prominent men had their obituaries made out and kept up to date and filed in the newspaper offices it would help out the reporters. Then when one of 'em died all a reporter would have to do would be to get the death bed scene and the funeral arrangements and paste the obit."

"That's a fine idea," said Nichols.



"Shinned up the trellis"



"I woke up four families"



## On Love

WRITTEN BY LOWELL OTUS REESE

I was a wary bachelor,  
Unscathed from many a Cupid's war;  
Immune I thought me; and in play  
I dared to jest with love one day.

I boldly laid my heart all bare  
And challenged then a maiden fair.

At eve—alas! I writhed in pain,  
Bound hand and foot by Cupid's chain;—  
But quite resigned to my sad lot—  
For I deserved just what I got!

I should indeed have had more sense  
Than thus to tempt high Providence.

Love is a gold brick and it never lacks a buyer.

Love never pauses to inquire if your heart is vacant. It moves right in and there's no room left for the bachelor.

Love makes the world go 'round—and the man of large mind wonders that it doesn't even knock the poor old sphere off its hinges.



## John S. McLain

*Of Minneapolis*

WRITTEN BY W. A. FRISBIE

DRAWING BY FRANK WING

**J**OHN SCUDDER McLAIN, V. P. and editor since Nov. 1885, Minneapolis Journal; born Brown Co., O., May 26, 1853; son of James Robinson and Nancy (Anderson) McLain, who came to this country from Scotland before the subject of this sketch was born. The family moved, 1854, to Kendall Co., Ill.; lived on farm and attended common schools; entered Wabash College, 1870; began newspaper work on St. Louis Democrat, 1872; returned to Wabash College, 1877, grad. 1877 (A. M. 1892); made alumni address, Wabash College, 1897; Phi Beta Kappa, 1899; married, 1881, Caroline T. Thomson, Crawfordsville, Ind. City editor and Mng. editor Kansas City Journal, 1878-81; on account of overwork changed occupation and was Gen. Adv. Agent Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R., Topeka, 1881-5; Republican.

Minneapolis, Minn. Nov. 1, 1903.

Editor The American Cartoonist.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find a thumbnail biography of Mr. McLain, our editor in chief. You will note that it is delightfully non-committal and as hard boiled as a Scripps-McRae evening paper, but—well a sketch of your superior officer is a delicate task, you know. I don't mean that the "subject of this sketch" is wearing a chip on any of his shoulders looking for trouble, because he has a way of getting along with people; but he has a confirmed case of modesty when it comes to seeing his own name in print. So it isn't discretion but the unwillingness to step on a friend's soft corn that prompted me to boil the "biog" till the shell cracked.

As a matter of fact, I almost wish you had passed the job on to somebody else not handicapped by personal feelings of this sort, for Mr. McLain is really one of the most satisfactory men I ever met in the newspaper business. He is square and fair in the office and as he started in on a "run" himself, he knows the difference between an earned scoop and a pick-up scoop. Also he knows a good story from a space killer, and he demands good, clean stuff for the paper. After he is once satisfied that a man has glimmerings of ability and is conscientious, all he demands is said man's best work. He doesn't come down the hall periodically and demand the discharge of the entire staff. His disposition in this regard is so well understood that some of the Journal's staff have even ventured to get married.

Here in the office we are just getting acquainted with Mr. McLain again after his return from Alaska. I didn't put it in the "thumbnail" but he has one glaring and expensive vice—he habitually works pretty close up to the limit of his physical ability. He thinks he can and he does, and he keeps on doing until somehow he gets loaded to the guards. This is not only against union rules, but sets a bad example to the rising generation and at various times this propensity has sent him on have-to trips to the four corners of the page by Wing, accompanying.

I have made this letter a little more than a mere epistle of transmission so you might get some idea of the reason why I shied at writing an extended sketch. You can probably understand from the foregoing that the condensed enclosure would cause the least embarrassment to the subject as well as to,

Yours truly,  
W. A. FRISBIE.





Washington



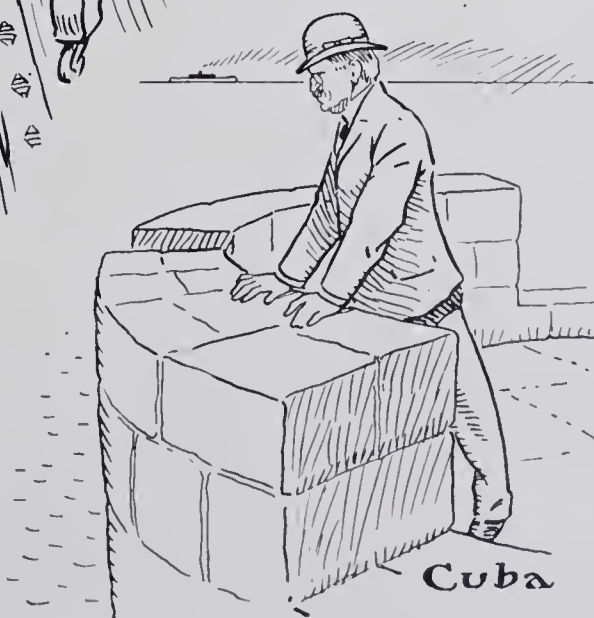
Mexico



RANK  
ING



Alaska



Cuba





# The Governor's Thanksgiving



WRITTEN BY WALTER JUAN DAVIS

DRAWINGS BY FRANCIS GALLUP

**T**HERE was something on the governor's forehead which, from a little distance, looked like smut. On closer examination, one could see it was only a frown—a black one. He was seated at his desk, but he was very busy. He was wrestling with something.

It was his spirit that the governor wrestled with and it was a bitter struggle. Sometimes it seemed the governor would lose, or at the best, that the contest would prove a draw.

While the governor sparred with the invisible, with all his soul, he, with one hand, wrote:

"To us have been given plenty and pronounced prosperity. No serious disease has infected our borders and abundant crops have rewarded the husbandman. For these and all other dispensations of God's goodness, we should be ever thankful. Our hearts should be lifted up in gratitude to—"

Br-r-r-r-r! "Oddzicketty—blanketty—xlgcktk—dad burn it all to the gosh—all x-x-x-well, what do you want?"

It was the phone now, and the governor.

"I can't talk to you now. Dad blame it all to the———can't you see——well don't you know I'm writing my——oh shut-tup!"

And the receiver went on the hook with a clang.

"Our hearts should be lifted up in gratitude to that all-wise Giver of every good and perfect—"

"Excuse me, sir, but I couldn't keep him out." It was the governor's private secretary. He was pulling at the short jacket of an insistent messenger boy, who held forth an envelope. "They told me to deliver it to you personally," he said, "and here it—"

"You shall not deliver it," broke in the governor. "Oh, blanketty—ding dang—if some one would deliver me from—get out of here!"

"But what'll I do with the—"

"I don't give a dum-daggoned——what you do with it. Tear it up! Eat it! Do what you——oh, Lord, isn't there——"

But he didn't finish the sentence. He again grasped his pen, after the boy and secretary had fled, and, with much tension of lips and gritting of teeth, returned to his writing.

"Every good and perfect gift; and that there may be a special day upon which we may acknowledge His manifold blessings to us and to our commonwealth, I hereby set apart Thursday, Nov. 26th, as a day of—"

"Your pardon, governor,—" It was a sweet voice and the governor's fierce gaze rested upon a Salvation Army lassie, "but if we could put you down for—"

"Put me down for a hundred, also for an ass, a martyr, a raving idiot, a—"

"Thank you, governor," and the meek little woman was gone.

"As a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and the same shall be a holiday according to our laws. And let us in our homes, and in our houses of worship, pour forth our praises—"

Br-r-r-r-r!

"Now may the great curse of Mahomet fall on that——telephone and knock the everlasting—well, what is it? No, I'm not in, I'm sick, dead and pining for burial. Go to the—"

Clang! The receiver was hung up again.

"Pour forth our praises and let us in all humility—Hey, Mr. Good?"

"Yes, sir," responded the secretary, his white face preceding him only a few inches.

"You'll have to finish this. I'll just be swizzled if I'll write another——line of this——confounded——thing."

"Governor," responded his slave, "it has been a hard day for you and I know this will do you good," and he held forth a brimming bumper.

There was a brief, gurgling moment of bliss.

"Ah-h-h-h!" murmured the governor, and he gave thanks.



An insistent messenger boy who held forth an envelope



"Governor, I know this will do you good"



PAUL CREGG









WRITTEN BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK

DRAWINGS BY R. K. CULVER

**M**Y thoughts go back to my boyhood's days,  
But still I do not yearn  
For the six-hour stunt that I was wont  
To have with our old churn.

The tug, tug, tug at the dasher ;  
The splash, splash, splash of the cream,  
Does not wake in me such a thrill of glee  
As to make it a pleasant dream.



My heart turns back to my childhood's days,  
But it makes me shiver now,  
When I recollect how I early trecked  
Each morn for the mooley cow.

'Twas tramp, tramp, tramp through the pasture,  
And hike, hike, hike o'er the lea  
Through the grasses wet ; oh, I'll ne'er forget  
The wild chases that cow led me.

My mind swings back to my boyhood's days,  
But as sure as you were born,  
I do not yearn to take my turn  
At weeding of the corn.

'Twas dig, dig, dig in the morning ;  
'Twas grub, grub, grub till noon,  
And then at night I would dread the light  
That was sure to come too soon.



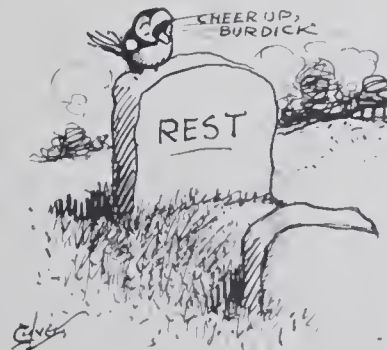
My heart turns back to my youthful days  
When I went to "deestrick" school ;  
But my wayward heart don't crave the smart  
Of the village master's rule.

The whack, whack, whack and the blister,  
The spat, spat, spat of the stick  
That smote my hand ; oh, the goodness land !  
Let me forget that quick !



My heart goes back to my early days,  
But, so far as I can see,  
There were roads as rough and stunts as tough  
As the world now hands to me.

It's work, work, work and hustle ;  
It's hump, hump, hump and sweat,  
But those "good old days" that the poets praise  
Had their trials, too, you bet !





# Caught in the Dark

WRITTEN BY LILY YOUNG

DRAWINGS BY T. H. MACON

**T**HE house, though innocent of that tell-tale bit of paper somewhere in the region of the doorbell, was, nevertheless of the "furnished room" species. His room was up two flights, front; hers was up two flights back; mine was the modest hall bedroom next to hers at the head of the stairs. She was from some southern town—voice and accent told me that—studying at one of the big art schools, how to give to inexpressive clay a meaning. I never learned his occupation, if he had any. But both were of the kind that teases one's fancy to dreams of tenderness and love.

Somehow or other, chance arranged it, so that these two grew to know each other. They happened to come in together and mount the stairs in company, and would sit down on the top step just outside my room, talking softly, till the closing of her door and his step along the hall told me that they had parted for the night.

But after many months of this comradeship, it all ceased abruptly. Each came up stairs alone. Their haunt upon the stair was solitary now. I found myself often wondering why.

Then one night, something happened and I knew. It was quite late after I had turned out the gas and was drowsing away into unconsciousness. Summer was upon us, so I opened my transom in order to give the poor air imprisoned in my room a chance for freedom. Every sound upon the stairway fairly battered at my sleepy ear. All at once, I was startled into complete wakefulness by his heavy footfall on the stair, ascending. Then I heard her rustle out of her room and stand, as if waiting, just without my door. He stopped when he reached the spot where she was standing.

Silence hung heavily over them for a while. At length, in apparent desperation she stammered out:

"I've been listening and listening, waiting for you so long. Yet I almost hoped you'd never come. I don't know why. I only knew that I wanted to—that I must see you once more before I went away for good. I'm going home tomorrow, and I can't, oh! I can't go without asking you not to think too harshly of me after I'm gone. We've seemed to keep apart so systematically ever since—ever since—oh, you know when, and I want to part friends. Won't you please?"

Heard her rustle out of her room  
and stand as if waiting

"Part friends!" came the mocking echo from his lips. "I never intended to part with you at all. Why, do you suppose knowing that you love me—you told me so you know, child, that I will let some silly caprice of yours keep you away from me? Tell me what the trouble is, dear."

"Tell you!" there was genuine fear in her voice. "Oh no—never. I can't. It's too disgraceful."

"Are you trying to drive me mad with doubt?"

"No, but I never would marry you unless you knew the truth about me, and it's too late to tell you now," she returned hopelessly.

"But you will at least tell me what all this mystery is about?"

"It's about my—my birth," she answered very low.

"Why then, you poor child," he cried in the clear tones of relief, "it's nothing you're to blame for. Your birth can never make any difference in my feelings for you. I love you because you are you. And, you perverse small creature, you've been wanting me to fancy all sorts of shameful things."

"Oh, it's worse than you can ever think. But I won't let you know—no, never. If you did, you would never care in the least for me, and I could't bear that."

"Nonsense, dear," broke in her companion with tender scorn. "You know I shall love you forever, if you only care for me, tell me, do you?"

"You know I do." Each word was as tenderly caressing as a breath of spring air; then, as if in sudden alarm, "but don't touch me, I am not fit. If you could only know what a hypocrite I am. No, no, it's better that I should go away knowing that I hold your regard than—"

"Do you suppose I am going to let you go out of my life for good?" There was a laughing little



break in his voice. "I'm not quite a pauper, I can follow you wherever you go, and I intend asking you to marry me at regular intervals. If you care for me, you can't hold out forever because of that wretched mystery concerning your birth—whatever it may be. I don't even ask to know."



Would sit down on the top step  
talking softly

"But you could'nt help finding out sooner or later, and when you did you'd have no use for me." She was dreadfully distressed.

"Why, if it's such an open secret as that I shall set right out to discover it and—"

"No, no, you must not!" She cried forbidingly. "I'd rather tell you myself than allow you to learn it from someone else. It would be less mortifying, and then, too, I'd know the worst at once. But oh, it's so shameful! You'll hate and despise me, I know you will."

"Dear, I would never despise you for something over which you had no control."

"But if it was within my control," she burst out vehemently. "Don't look at me, and I'll tell you all about it." Then she went on in a single breath, the words stumbling over each other as they hurried to the man.

"It's the petty thing that's perhaps excusable in a woman of forty with a few rags of prettiness still hanging on, but when I think I stooped to anything so contemptible, I'm so ashamed—so ashamed. And yet, if I don't confess, you'll find

it out elsewhere. You hadn't even asked me, you know. It was such a gratuitous bit of deception. How could I see that things were going to turn out seriously for us? I didn't think it would make any difference to you. And when the time did come, I was afraid," the sentences came in perfect tatters now— "to tell you that I would marry you because—because—because, you'd have to find out that I am four years older than I told you once. You remember? Oh, I know what a small lie it is—so despicable. I know you're done with me forever—you couldn't have any opinion—don't laugh! Ah!"

It was a glad, panting cry, there was no other word; only the shivering sound of crumpling silk, then a silence.



Only the shivering sound  
of crumpling silk,  
then a silence



## *The Complaint of the Thoroughbred*

WRITTEN BY ALOYSIUS COLL

An automobile, Webster says,  
Is something built to run itself;—  
Then why am I—a thoroughbred,—  
Forever laid upon the shelf?

By bone and muscle, brawn and brain,  
I budge, I move, I start, I go;—  
An automobile!—am I not?  
A thoroughbred would like to know.

Though money makes the mare to go,  
And speed is reckoned now by pelf,  
The horse is still *the* automo—  
The only one that runs itself!





## Best Work of the Boys at the Board

**A**RACE HORSE recently trotted 5280 feet in less than two minutes.

Mars, coy and evasive, has gone round the world on the arm of Dame Rumor.

Uncle Sam has decided spades to be trumps in Panama and is hunting a shovel.

Verily, with politicians in a mad rush for office, the American cartoonists have been kept hot on the trail of current events.



LEO XIII. BORN 1810; DIED 1903

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune



WILL HE WEAR IT?

Costumer Roosevelt: "This Freebooter outfit is very becoming, sir! You'll look just like those other gentlemen, sir!"

—Oppen in New York American



MAKING A REVOLUTION OF IT

Panama: "This treaty the old man threw away may make a cracker that will surprise him."

—Bart in Minneapolis Journal

And the question is still asked: "Where do the cartoonists get all their ideas for pictures?"

Conspicuous for its simplicity and directness is the cartoon by McCutcheon on the death of Pope Leo XIII. It is a picture that requires no caption and its story could not have been told more impressively.



AN INNOCENT VICTIM

—Naughton in Minneapolis Tribune

In view of recent developments it will be seen that Mr. Bartholomew's Panama cartoon, published in September, was prophetic.

Mr. Oppen read President Roosevelt's message and his freebooter's costume for Uncle Sam is a clever touch-up of the canal clause in the document. The Democratic point of view is fortunate in having Mr. Oppen's delightfully humorous pen to outline its position.

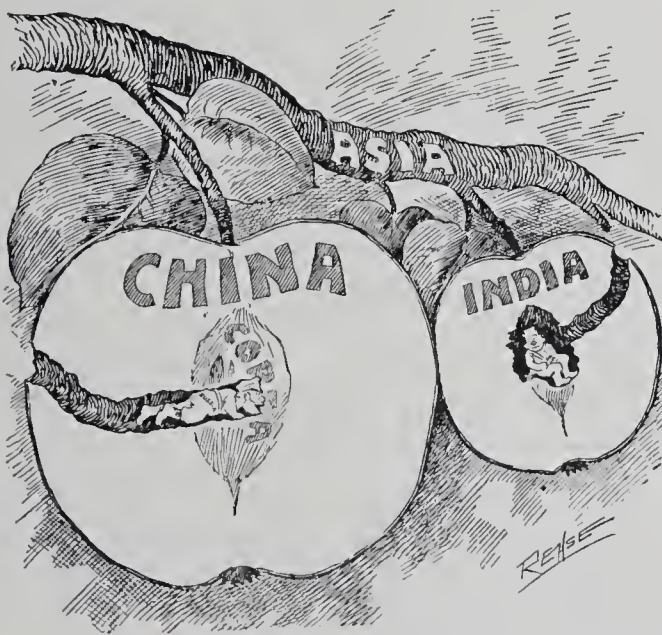
The increasing number of labor strikes in this country and the resultant hardships to the majority that stand between, give Mr. Naughton the idea for a strong cartoon portraying the "Innocent Victim."





IN THE WORLD OF FICTION  
Chorus from the bookcase: "O! Why didn't we become detectives?"

—Thurlby in St Paul Globe



TRAVELING TOWARD THE SMALL APPLE

—Rehse in St. Paul Pioneer Press



GETTING BACK AT THEM

"President Roosevelt says the dentist is easier on his teeth than the cartoonists are."

—Carter in Minneapolis Times

Mr. Thurlby pokes good natured fun at several well-known writers when he uses the reappearance of Mr. Sherlock Holmes as a resurrection much bewailed by some of their recently popular characters who drew large salaries.

Gilbert has happily epitomized Lou Dillon's record in his humorous cartoon.

The cartoon by Mr. Rehse on the maneuvers of Russia toward Corea is one of the cleverest illustrations yet made of the diplomacy of that nation.

Mr. Reynolds, the clever young cartoonist of the Tacoma Ledger, has been attracting much attention to that part of the newspaper world by his cartoons on national and international topics.

Here Mr. Reynolds has John Bull, in spite of his commercial supremacy, scrambling to the top of his lonely little Free Trade tree to escape the wolves of famine that have chased him up that precarious refuge. Uncle Sam, on the contrary, sits complacently upon a strong limb in his orchard of Protection trees coldly indifferent to his cousin's condition.

American cartoonists apotheosis of President Roosevelt's teeth is amusingly pictured by Mr. Carter, when he makes the head of the nation expressing his preference to the dentist's drill to that of the pen drill of the profession. Judging from the faces of the cartoonists the teeth are a very serious proposition to them.



WAKE UP! OR THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT OF YOU

—Gilbert in Denver Post



Premier Balfour: "For fifty years England \*\*\* had watched the wall of hostile tariffs growing up and dividing nation from nation."

—Reynolds in Tacoma Ledger



Official  
Horn  
American  
Press  
Artists



# The American Cartoonist

An Illustrated Quarterly  
Magazine



Official  
Horn  
American  
Press  
Writers

Volume One

NOVEMBER, 1903

Number Two



## Mundane Melange -



### IT IS THE SECOND BOOK

**T**O many, however, this will be the first, for while the original issue of *The American Cartoonist* was widely circulated, the edition was not large enough, by many thousands, to supply the demands for it, hence it is known to great numbers of people merely by name and there is need for further enunciation of its scope and purpose.

Behold then, the magazine of the newspaper artists and newspaper writers of America. This is not persiflage but fact. Something of the personality and individual spirit of the man behind the great cartoon feature of the American press, a bit of the real self of that other one who pens the pungent paragraphs and points the swift moving picture of the world's daily doings are here to be discerned.

Right in here. That is the field *The American Cartoonist* offered and the offer was promptly and enthusiastically accepted. And, in thus presenting the artists and writers at their best, two admirable objects are accomplished; the toilers of the press, in the freedom of their performances here, find relaxation and relief from the perfunctory tasks dictated by necessity and are encouraged to quickening rivalry, and the public looking on, cannot fail to be entertained.



The change in the form of *The American Cartoonist*, inaugurated in this issue, will undoubtedly meet the approval of all. Change is incident to development. The surface dimensions of the first number were too large. The book was unwieldy, and reducing it to portable size will not interfere with its artistic features, nor will the amount of literary matter be one jot diminished.



The paeon of praise that greeted *The American Cartoonist*, as it went forth calm and confident into the world, the hundreds of handsome compliments paid it by the leading publications of America, Canada and Europe—all these are deeply appreciated by those in immediate charge of this magazine which belongs to all the newspaper people of the country. These good words were gratefully received and thanks, hearty thanks are returned.



In the great bulk of these comments, there was just one that was not all praise. It, too, was kindly and just, and the criticisms offered were taken as they were meant, and were appreciated. The suggestions were, for the most part, wholesome and pertinent, but the closing phrase, "we can't exactly see that there is any field for such a magazine," seems worthy of an enlightening word.



The field of *The American Cartoonist* is, according to our humble but sincere belief, the broadest and, hitherto, most thoroughly neglected of any in the entire realm of art and literature—yes, art and literature—those are the words and they are not presumptuous. Indeed they explain everything.

It is for the very reason that the art and the literature of the myriad daily publications of the world are smothered and choked out by commercialism and considerations of expedience, that *The American Cartoonist* offers high soaring space for the spirits whose strong wings beat the earth unavailingly, and says to them: "Come up into the blue!"



No topic has furnished the newspaper fraternity so much fun and such ample playground for their lighter fancies as has the Pulitzer School of Journalism, for the founding of which the veteran editor and publisher has donated two million dollars to Columbia University.

But "laying all jokes aside," as the country store savant says, there's much in it—much of worth, much that should commend it to the highest consideration. First, the enterprise brings with it the recognition that journalism is one of the most eminent of professions and that, while it may hardly be called an exact science, so much depending on individual ability, and the varying methods suggested to original minds, it is something that may not only be learned, but intelligently taught in schools other than those of experience.



To be sure, editorial writing, that branch of journalism so important at one stage of the growth of American civilization has been largely superseded by the pictorial comment of the cartoonists and the quick terse flash of the paragrapher's wit; but the school may be made broadly useful by instructions in the study of human nature, as it applies to the needs of the modern newspaper reporter, in inculcating the necessity of adapting style and diction to the varying themes that every day's doings of the busy world presents, and in teaching that the finest and best writing is that which is simplest and most direct.

Indeed and indeed, the School of Journalism is not a thing to ridicule, for its functions properly exercised, may have much to do with the elevation and perfection of the noble profession to which we are all proud to be allied.



Take good heed, everybody, that the American Press Humorists, whose organization in Baltimore last May made such an immediate hit with press and public, hold their second annual convocation at the World's Fair at St. Louis, from May 28 to June 4, inclusive.

It will be rich, this occasion, wherein the humorists, with caps and bells cast aside, will disport themselves untrammelled by quip, pun or jingle orders and free to let the divine afflatus flow in such volume and direction as it will.

And here now, wake up ye cartoonists of America! Why would not this time and place and this peculiarly congenial environment offer a most excellent opportunity for the formation of the much-discussed Cartoonists' Association? This is a prime hint. Take it to heart.

Behold the New York American wagging along without Homer Davenport, who the other day resigned! The tail of the dog is its finest appurtenance. It expresses humor, pathos, all emotions. For years, Davenport has reflected far more popular sentiment than has any other portion of this mastiff of the American press. This great appendage is gone. The metaphor, as used in the first sentence, was misapplied. There is little or no wagging without a tail.



How many the monuments to those who have made whole nations weep! How few to those who have kept the world rippling with wholesome laughter!



What a dainty, kindly thing it was that the press artists of Chicago put into effect on behalf of their brother of the craft, brave but ailing Frank Holme, who, for his health's sake, must remain at Phoenix, Arizona, while for his soul's sake, he would gladly be with his brethren by the lake!

Fine pictures, drawn in miniature for the unique exhibition which has proved so helpful to their loved and grateful friend. That was the enterprise to which the hearty, generous Chicago press artists gave each a period of time and work. It was a labor of love that brought sweet remuneration as it proceeded. To say that it was all beautiful in motive, admirable in—Oh, well there is no need to say anything. We know, we know, and words do not fit it.



The humorist's most prompt and generous paymaster — his work.



It was hot, the struggle for preference in the contest for the cover design for the present issue of The American Cartoonist, and many fine and clever conceptions were, for various considerations, rejected, but the offering of Richard K. Culver of Los Angeles was irresistible.

The force of the contention that the intrepid sketch artist, despite the attempted intimidation and the roaring edicts of his many subjects, and his own trepidation, can still hold his place in the estimation of Uncle Sam and wrinkle his oft-vexed features into corrugations of uncontrollable merriment, is amply and ably demonstrated.



# The American Cartoonist

MAGAZINE

*An Illustrated Quarterly*

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WALTER JUAN DAVIS  
*Editor*

FRANCIS GALLUP  
*Art Director*

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NUMBER TWO

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50 cents per copy  
Two dollars per year

## Imprimis

NOW, to the world a word—may be two—concerning The American Cartoonist. It is a magazine conceived, owned and operated, absolutely by the newspaper artists and newspaper writers. Motives of policy, consideration of space, prevent them from expressing themselves with utter freedom in the daily publications in which they express others. Here they may gambol and disport themselves as they will. This is their own particular field. It is yours to gaze upon. It is theirs to have and to hold, and to use, and they will use it.

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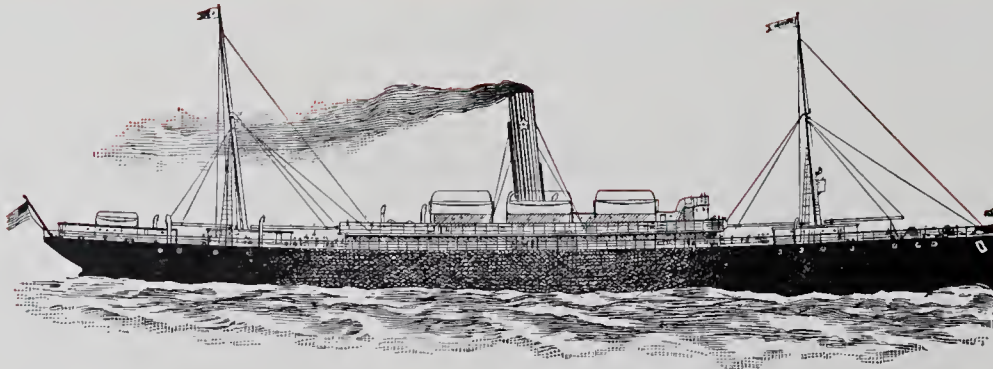
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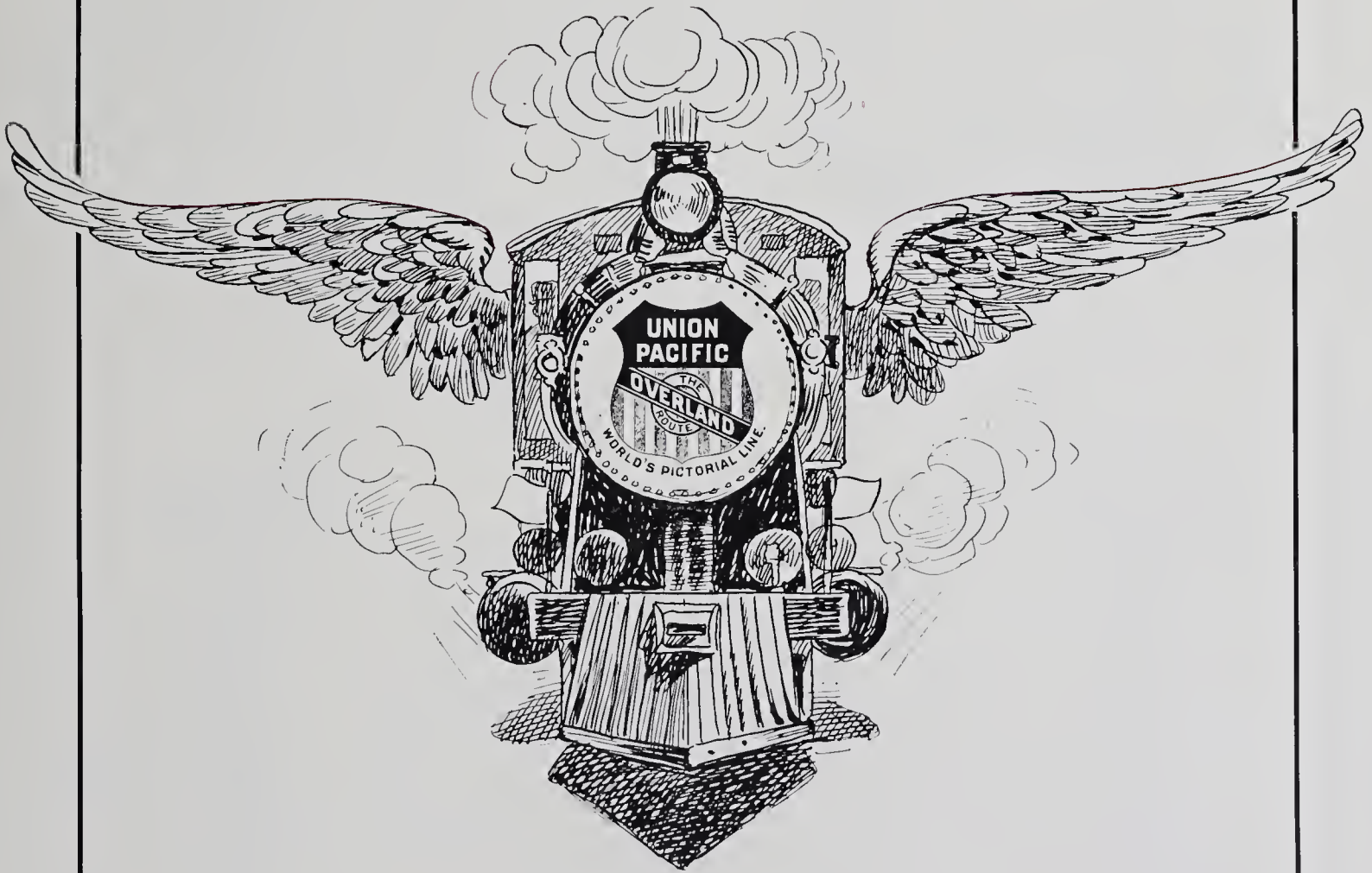


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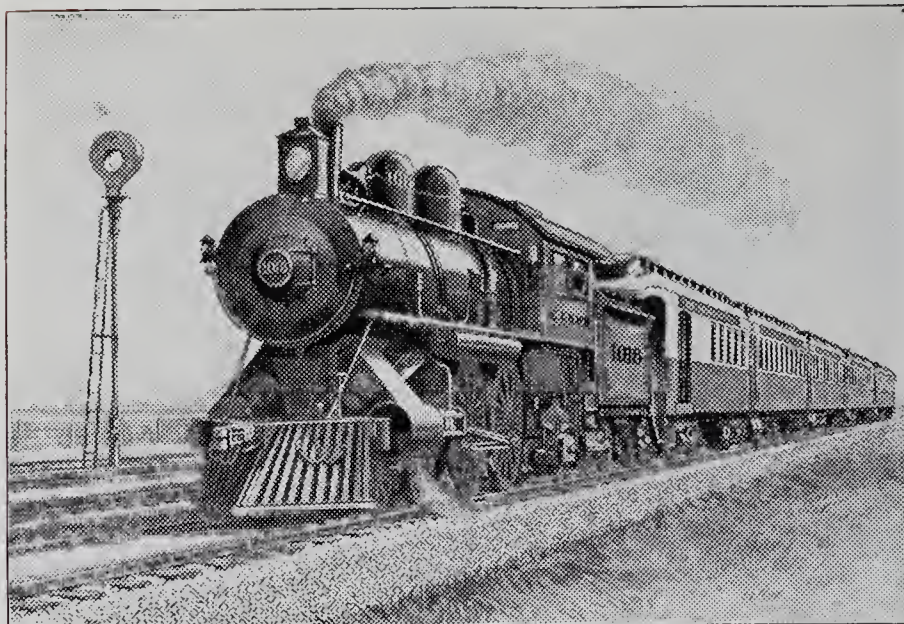
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